Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, June 7, 1917 Number 15

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE FATHERLAND.

Where is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
Oh yes! His fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
Oh yes His fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives,
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

—*James Russell Lowell.*

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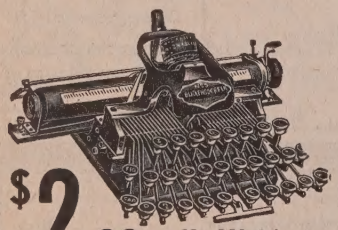

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXIX THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1915. Number 15

We will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing; but will strive to save and to comfort all gentle life, to guard and to perfect all natural beauty on the earth.

We will obey all the laws of our country faithfully; so far as they are consistent with what we believe to be the law of God; and when they are not so, or seem in any wise to need change, we will oppose them, not with violence, but deliberately and loyally.

The above sentences from John Ruskin's great "Creed of St. George" has been repeated in connection with the entire statement by the children of All Souls Sunday School, Chicago, for the last six or seven years. They are still repeating it. It is not strange then that some of the boys who have grown up under that tutorage should find themselves "Conscientious Objectors." One of these boys came to his pastor in the dire perplexities of the preesnt situation to say out of the depths of a sincere heart, "They can put me up against the wall and shoot me, but they cannot make me shoot at any human being." We repeat, as Unity's advice and our answer to many questioners who are confronted by this predicament, there are two ways of respecting law and acknowledging its authority. One is, by conforming to its requirements when consistent with one's sense of duty and the other by accepting submissively the penalty for disobedience when one's sense of duty demands and there leave the matter in the hands of the representative of finite law and in the care of the infinite justice. The words which have been repeated so easily, so willingly and so intelligently by Sunday School boys and girls in the years past, have now assumed ominous solemn impressiveness. What then was written in common type and spoken easily is now written in black faced type and becomes a solemn summons to head and heart, to intelligence and conscience:

We will obey all the laws of our country faithfully; so far as they are consistent with what we believe to be the law of God; and when they are not so, or seem in any wise to need change, we will oppose them, not with violence, but deliberately and loyally.

Unity shares with the *Chicago Daily News* in its cry, "Heaven deliver us from enthusiasts," apropos of a remark of a prominent and much trusted banker of Chicago who remarked to his bond salesman, "If anybody refuses to buy a Liberty Bond, knock them down." The banker did not mean it, of course, but did he not mean something flippant and narrow and bitter behind these careless words?

An enterprising candy house circulates the information that sixty-five years ago the candy consumption of the United States was equivalent to thirteen cents per person per annum, man, woman and child; last year it was $1.80, and it offers as an explanation for this great increase the growth of the temperance movement. This bulletin further states that "Lunchroom proprietors in the dry towns in Texas declare that the old time ranchmen make a practice of dropping in for coffee six or seven times a day, in default of more potable beverages." And it looks forward to a time when these "dry" people will haunt the candy counters. The present army is criticised for the low percentage of sugar in its rations, hence the insatiate craving for alcohol by many enlisted men.

Henry W. Farnum, Professor of Economics in Yale University, has issued a little leaflet of four pages crowded with instructive figures on the "Food Supply and the Human Submarine." The distilleries of America consume 39,000,000 bushels of wheat and 152,000,000 gallons of molasses annually, and the breweries, according to their own estimate, 138,000,000 more of barley, corn and rice. Furthermore, tobacco users required for their satisfaction in 1915, 1,368,000 acres of land, which would yield 109,000,000 bushels of potatoes, one-third of the entire crop of 1916. It requires an army of 478,000 people to run this wasteful business of liquor and tobacco. This is maintained at an expenditure of $2,000,500,000 per year or four times the total expenditure of the United States Government. Let the fierce advocates of "preparedness" apply their zeal in removing the central sources of our imbecility.

Chicago is again in the toils of another unseemly, altogether petty and disgraceful "school fight." A "Reform School Bill," largely designed by a high-minded committee of men and women, was passed by the recent legislature which reduced the number of the school board from twenty-one to nine. But these progressive men and women did not dare make of the school trustees elective officers for fear it would "put the schools into politics," so the appointment was left in the hands of the Mayor subject to the endorsement of the Council. If anything can entangle the school board in petty politics further than this arrangement we would like to see it tried. Things can scarcely be more disgraceful; they might

be better. Let us try the people for a while, on Lincoln's sagacious dictum, "You can fool some of the people all of the time; you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

"Not to wash dirty linen in public" has become a proverbial maxim, but according to the health bulletin issued by the City of Chicago, the shaking of dirty rugs and dusty old mops on the back doorstep and out of windows in the face of one's neighbors is still a frequent habit which bespeaks not only bad manners, but a very great menace to the health of all the people in the neighborhood. This same bulletin says "the milk of human kindness does not need to be pasteurized in order to make it safe for the babies," but it might also add that this milk promptly sours when not used; it is good only when fresh. There are large quantities of soured milk of human kindness dealt in in these days. It is offered in distressing quantities from legions of the *"Christian"* pulpits in all parts of the world today. The blessing of the Most High is persistently invoked by those who curse and would visit the benedictions of violence upon the heads of their fellow beings whom they are declaring accursed in the name of the Lord. There is some bad dairying, there is some bad administration in the Dairies of the Spirit. The milk of human kindness should not be allowed to sour in the Gospel Shops.

A leaflet from the Indian Rights Association, Philadelphia, of which Herbert Welsh is the tireless and efficient secretary, reminds us that the triumph of the recent Florida Bill that restores to the Seminole Indians their tardy rights, is largely the result of the persistent work of Mrs. Minnie Moore Wilson of Kissimee, who has devoted nearly twenty years of her life to the interests of these Indians. The gold pen with which the Governor signed the bill was presented to Mrs. Wilson in recognition of her long continued effort on behalf of the Seminole Indians. Slowly but surely the women are becoming essential elements in American legislation. Thousands of them belong in the ranks of the State-makers. They are among the legislators who represent the honorable third house, for there is a heavenly lobby in state and nation as well as a diabolic lobby. The more rapidly these inspired women lobbyists can be transferred from the lobby to the floors of House and Senate, the more surely will the United States keep its place in the foremost files of time. There are ominous signs of reaction and degeneracy in the council chambers of these United States at this time. Ibsen in his speech on his return to Norway from his self-exile of twenty-five years, said, "I base my hopes for the future on two classes, the women and the workingmen." More and more is the cause of human progress falling into these hands.

A Preliminiary Statement to the Press of the United States has been issued in a pamphlet of twenty pages by the Committee on Public Information, of which George Creel is chairman. In twenty pages of fine type he analyzes the newspaper possibilities. The first section is concerned with "Dangerous Matter," second with "Questionable Matter," the third "Practice and Routine." This is followed by an explanation of the function of the Committee on Public Information, which is composed of the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, with George Creel as Civilian Chairman of the Committee. Now that the espionage bill seems to have been permanently killed by Congress, there does not seem to be much need of this close analysis which, from casual survey of the pamphlet, leaves the main danger from journalism untouched, and that is the wilful perversion and continuous elimination of the attitude of the sincere, intelligent and conscientious leaders of thought who may not be in accord with the journalistic judgment or program. The journalism that accepts the easy division of the American public at this time into two classes, patriots and traitors, is guilty of abusing its position, distorting the facts and misleading the public to a dangerous degree were it not for the fact that the American public has already been educated beyond the leadership of the partisan and jingo newspapers. The number of people who do not believe "everything that is in the papers" represent a hopeful majority of the American people. The number of people who skip the editorial comments of "leading newspapers" is still greater because they have "sized up" the editorial attitude.

Oak Leaves, a local paper published in Oak Park, Illinois, recently printed the communication of a "grieved mother" whose son was volunteering when she learned that the Red Cross was putting cigars, tobacco, etc., in the "Comfort Kits." So far she had raised her boy to shun the weed. This has led another mother to write to the Editor of UNITY, asking,

> What are mothers to do in this emergency? So far I have not been able to reason myself into joining any branch of Red Cross work. It seems so strange to spend so much time and money on "cures" instead of getting the better of the cause by preventive work. But as two of my own boys are doomed to this awful fate of giving their time and vitality to learning how to kill, I feel I have a right to ask a few questions of those who are encouraging the "powers" in this muddle.
>
> What is the Red Cross Society doing for or against the building of high ideals of manhood?
>
> Who are filling these comfort bags, machines or thinking women? Mothers, many, or most of them? Among my acquaintances I do not know a mother who would make a

present of tobacco to her son. Why should she give to the sons of other women that which she would not give to her own?

Why does the group have a different ethical standard from the individuals that make such a group?

Why should the Red Cross movement, which is supposed to appeal to the highest human instincts in the receiving as well as in the giving, cater to man's weakness when he is least able to withstand temptation?

May we have these questions answered by the mothers who are now carrying on the Red Cross work?

Our correspondent might add, has not the Red Cross movement fallen from the high estate which gave it being as an *International* movement, designed to ameliorate the bitterness of national hate and to avoid the enmities of the battlefield by eliminating all differences between friend and foe. It was planned that its representatives should cross and recross battle lines unintimidated under the Red Cross banner. Once the fighters were laid *horse de combat,* they were promplty claimed under the human banner of the Red Cross, larger than any national flag, as "brothers all."

When the Treasury Department of the United States lends its official stamp to an evangelistic movement among the churches in the interest of "war loans" it comes dangerously near to dealing in cant and religious Phariseeism. We have before us a pamphlet of sixteen pages issued from the office of the "Director of Publicity in the Treasury Department" under date of May 23. It is the purpose of this pamphlet, as officially stated over the signature of "R. W. Woolley, Director of Publicity Loan 1917," to offer "suggestions for the preparations for the pulpit messages of religious centers of all creeds on Sunday, June 3rd. . . . this pamphlet is commended to the serious consideration of the clergy into whose hands it comes, and for whose patriotic uses it is published." This government official of the Treasury Department has called to his assistance the expert aid of Dr. Walter Laidlaw, "Executive Secretary the New York Federation of Churches," and this preacher brother, recognizing the vacuity that sometimes besets the clerical mind and the difficulty the preacher has in finding thoughts of his own sufficient to make a sermon, has very conveniently offered five ready made little sermonettes, embellished, as all sermons should be, with quips of poetry, allusions to history and pious conventionalities. Of course these "sermonic suggestions" must be Biblical, and so five Bible texts are suggested for the still further convenience of the preacher, printed in larger type. The words of Isaiah and Luke, Ezekiel, Paul, and the Master are utilized. The texts are delightfully elastic and conveniently evangelistic. The "Great Unknown" prophet of the Old Testament, one of the acknowledged peace prophets of history, is drafted into this militaristic scheme and the preacher is invited to refine upon the words, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me," etc. A convenient alternative is Ezekiel's "Moreover, the princes shall not take of the people's inheritance by oppression," etc., etc. A third alternative is from Luke, "The Kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors." But if these do not satisfy Paul's words, "For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil," might be used and the words of Jesus in Luke XIV are conclusive evidence that he was no pacifist but rather was on the side of the President when he called for "adequate military defense." Lest these sermonettes, pulpit tabloids, furnished for the relief of stupid preachers, though handsomely embellished with learned citations, are not enough, a considerable portion of the pamplet is given to "Suggestions from History." We do not know whether these are furnished by the belligerent Dominie or by the learned officer at Washington. This is followed by "Representative Opinions." The Right Reverends Gibbons, Farley and Ireland represent the Catholic Church. President King of Oberlin is extensively quoted, poor H. G. Wells is drafted into the service by a vivisection of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." All this is amusing, but when Immanuel Kant, the greatest of modern peace apostles, is swept into the service, it amounts to perversion of history, a profanation of the sanctities which breeds disgust. When the United States will stoop to this charlantry in religion, it provokes only the contempt of the real minister who resents the implication that he needs government aid in his pulpit ministrations. Such unctious financiering tends to breed a loathing of the much vaunted assumption that calls for this attempt to raise a war fund by collecting a "Liberty Loan." It is akin to that superficial imitation of true loyalty that makes standing while The Star-Spangled Banner is being played in vaudeville a mark of true patriotism. Is Chadbands still alive outside the Dickens pages?

The First American Conference for Democracy and Terms of Peace

Yes, the Editor of UNITY attended this meeting which was held in the Madison Square Gardens, New York City, May 30 and 31. There were six sessions, five of them in the smaller theatre, the last Thursday evening meeting in the great pavilion of the Gardens. The Editor was present at all of the sessions, watched the proceedings and in some slight degree entered into the deliberations. The men and women assembled were tremendously in earnest. They were impressed with the profundity of the responsibility and the gravity of the situation. The sessions in the theatre were largely attended for midweek meetings in a great city. The attendance never

sank below two hundred or more. The Thursday night meeting, according to the newspapers, in point of number and intensity of interest has seldom been paralleled in New York. The present writer never confronted so large an audience. It was the first time he ever saw the interior of the Madison Square Gardens. It is an amphitheatre so large that the Dexter Pavilion of Chicago could be put inside of it, and its four galleries and great floor spaces were crowded to the last seat and thousands were turned away, to hold as best they could, without interruption, great overflow meetings in the adjoining park. The newspapers variously estimated that attendance at from twelve to fifteen thousand people. The arrangements could scarcely be more perfect and the crowd on the outside was handled by the police in a marvelous way. They were moved in rapid columns, single file, through one entrance after another until each section was filled, then the doors were closed. A large band of men and women, many of them young boys and girls, duly arranged, badged and instructed, attended to the seating.

There was not the slightest indication of any belligerent spirit or disposition to mob action. The applause was frequent and tremendous in its unanimity but the vast audience was amenable to a gesture from the chairman or speakers. The only flippancy manifested was from a little bunch of soldiers in khaki, less than a score, of course unofficial, who had seated themselves opposite the speaker's stand and who seemed bent on flippant interpretation, starting applause at the unimportant periods and waving a little flag ferociously. But a humorous rebuke from the chairman and the tremendous applause that endorsed it, made their work uninteresting, the meeting grew tiresome to them and they left before the end of the program. The only other indication of lawlessness was the confiscation on the part of some officials of the Fire Department of some 15,000 copies of blank slips which simply asked for name and address of sympathizers and amount subscribed to the work. In this emergency there was nothing left for the chairman but to announce that the slips provided had been seized by the authorities and to make an appeal that they send their name and subscriptions in anyhow, and the audience seemed to understand the situation.

But this orderly mass of humanity, and the speakers who addressed them, gave forth no uncertain sound. They were tremendously committted to a "peace without victory," a program to be early promulgated by our government, looking towards the end of the war, not by decisive victories or a final "knock-out," to quote Lloyd George's phrase, but a peace through consultation, diplomacy, negotiation and arbitration. The audience was obviously tremendously impressed with the recent developments in Russia, Stockholm and other centers of social democratic agitation in Europe. Perhaps they over-estimated the significance; if so it was a mistake born out of an idealism and a faith in human nature of which the nation cannot have too much.

The local papers placed great stress on the fact that both in the day meetings at the theatre and in the great pavilion women were largely represented, that the foreign element was manifest, the Jews, particularly the Russian Jews, had great directing power; that the socialist leaders were there in full force; that the champions of Single Tax and the labor movements were prominent in the meetings. All of which is true, and why should they not be allowed not only a hearing but why should not their protestations command attention at Washington. The statistics of these forces in the United States today demand careful study, they represent a mass largely unrepresented in the council chambers of the nation today, and perhaps too easily ignored or forgotten at cabinet meetings. But when it comes to mobilizing armies, either militant or industrial, to counting votes at coming elections and in the long run affecting the life of the nation profoundly, they cannot be ignored. While acknowledging the dominance of the above mentioned classes, the writer who wears no label, not even of his own naming, was at home there. For it was a movement that far outreached the far limits of any of these "isms," factions or sects. The church was frequently cuffed, but at least five respectable clergymen took part in the deliberations of the meetings and many more not present sent assurances of sympathy.

One thing more must be said for these audiences, they represented an exceptional amount of intelligence concerning current events. The grammar was poor in spots, the rhetoric was sometimes explosive, but those men and women, whether on the floor or on the platform, knew what they were talking about and compelled their listeners to take notice. The writer has been talking to Chicago audiences for thirty-five years; he flatters himself that his own audience at Lincoln Centre represents a fair degree of intelligence, but he gladly testifies that the alertness and up-to-date-ness, and the control of facts and acquaintance with present day movements on the part of this Madison Square audience were far in advance of those of the average audiences it has been his privilege to meet.

These meetings cannot be disposed of by a joke or dismissed with indifference. They were opposed to war *per se;* they did not believe in conscription, selective or otherwise; they did not see the democracy in the present movement in America. They did not believe that the cause of civilization could be advanced by the cruel wrench from the legitimate avocations

of civic life of millions of our young men, bearing them across the seas to suffer the unspeakable tortures of trench and hospital and to lay their mangled bodies down on battlefields. They believed there was a better way of doing it. Perhaps no phrase was used more often and no epigram more benignant with statesmanlike insight and patriotic foresight than this, "You cannot de-Prussianize Germany by Prussianizing the United States."

This conference was ably presided over by Judah L. Magnes, a Jewish Rabbi, but we suspect that much of the splendid organizing work and the efficiency of detail were attended to by the secretaries, Professor Emily G. Balch of Wellesley, Louis P. Lochner, the tireless secretary of the Ford Peace Expedition, and their many assistants, men and women.

We reiterate our conviction that this meeting must be taken note of for it is typical. So far as environment permits this meeting can be duplicated in every town of 100,000 inhabitants between the oceans and from Gulf to the Lakes. May Congress, Cabinet and President give heed to these protests, born out of a prophetic spirit.

The Infallible State

The view of the state "near and dear to every German heart," as stated by Professor Kuno Francke of Harvard, is that of "a spiritual collective personality, leading a life of its own beyond and above the life of individuals."

In this sense it holds the right of control of the conscience and the deeds of individuals, occupying in its relation to the individual exactly the position once held by the mediaeval church. If this point of view be accepted, the religious Reformation of Luther and his contemporaries merely transferred spiritual control from the infallible church to the infallible state.

The essence of democracy is individual liberty, individual responsibility, with the upbuilding of society through voluntary co-operation.

The essence of tyranny, under whatever name it is known, paternalism, ecclesiasticism, autocracy, oligarchy, is the forcible suppression of the individual and the control of his acts and opinions by some power outside himself, which promotes efficiency through enforced co-operation.

Once three men, Golfe, Whalley, Dixwell, escaped from the tyranny of the restored Stuarts in England and took refuge under sheltering blocks of lava on East Rock, at New Haven, Connnecticut. On this rock they carved these words: "Opposition to tyrants is obedience to God." Any power, whatever its origin or sanction, which dictates the conscience of men becomes by that fact a tyrant.

Some day a reformation as radical as that which freed mankind from the tyranny of the church will release him from the tyranny of the state. As the terrible wars for religion in the seventeenth century took from ecclesiasticism the power to make war, it may be that the holocaust of the twentieth century will divest the state of its most dangerous attribute.

David Starr Jordan.

THE PULPIT

The First Table of the Law Brought Down to Date

The Conditions and Evidence of the Devout Life

III.

Devout Helps—Holy Days and Places

Serman Preached January 21, 1917, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

In the solemn shadows of this hour we turn to the light that never fails and find the glory that pierces every cloud and shines behind that which makes the shadows. Remembered today be our fellows in suffering and bonds, remembered be those who stumble under temptation and heavy burdens. Remembered this day be the lonely and desolate. We would share with them the joys of life, rejoice with them in the sympathies of love and the inspirations of duty. May we be the better for having been here. Restore our souls as well as our bodies, refresh our minds as well as our limbs. Speak to us in the sublimities of history, the traditions of the ages, the radiant lives of holy saints. Amen.

There are two interpretations of the commandment we are to study this morning. The Exodus version reads:

> Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is a sabbath unto Jehovah thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days Jehovah made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore Jehovah blessed the Sabbath day and hallowd it.

In the fifth chapter of Deuteronomy we read:

> Observe the sabbath day, to keep it holy, as Jehovah thy God commanded thee. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is a sabbath unto Jehovah thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thine ox, nor thine ass, nor any of thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; that thy man-servant and thy maid-servant may rest as well as thou. And thou shalt remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and Jehovah thy God brought thee out thence by a mighty hand and by an outstretched arm: therefore Jehovah thy God commanded thee to keep the sabbath day.

You will notice that while the requirement in the two versions is almost identical, the reasons for the demand are quite different. In the Deuteronomic version the justification of the Sabbath day is purely a sociological one. The demand is for a rest day for the laborer. We are required to cease our activities on the seventh day that the man-servant and the maid-servant may rest. This requirement is reinforced historically by reminding the Israelites that they themselves had been in slavery and had felt the heavy hand of the master, and that now in their freedom they should give to others the rest whose necessity they had learned through suffering.

In the Exodus version the justification is not sociological but theological. The Sabbath was a day dedicated to Jehovah because he himself rested from his labors on the seventh day.

You know that with all my power I have always urged the Deuteronomic demand for a Sunday, the economic basis for a law of rest. Fortunately there is but one reasonable decision concerning this subject,

for the economist joins with the laborer in recognizing that it is "good business" to rest one day in seven, and science tells us that the very locomotive, the heated steel, must have its season of rest, else its period of usefulness will be shortened.

I do not propose to urge this Deuteronomic version this morning, though I am pledged to it and have in my mind no question that all possible labor should be omitted in the home one day in seven as it now is in the counting room and the shop. Not until the sweated woman, the pallid child, the over-strained nerve of the working man finds this Sabbath day release will our legislators have accomplished their legitimate ambitions or done their part in enforcing this commandment.

But this morning I will confine myself to other uses of the Sabbath than those of mere rest. By a strange social paradox those who are most clamorous for the sociological Sunday are oftentimes found most indifferent to the religious significance of the day. If flippant thought or idle amusement is profanity, then, in the name of the rest day, such dissipations profane the Sabbath of Exodus. I know how persistent is the recoil from "holy days" and "holy places." I know how, in the name of science and of history and humanity, the alleged sanctities of time and place and forms are neglected, defied, and oftentimes ridiculed and opposed.

Far be it from me to confuse the inner sanctities of life, the solemn realities of nature, the sublime elevations of the human heart with the sanctities of convictions or ceremonies, with text or hymn, with Psalm or silence. And still, in the name of the science of soul, and under the full light of history, I am here to declare my profound conviction that the Sabbath of the soul is, to say the least, as necessary to the sanitation of the community as the Sabbath of the body. I am here to say that as long as mind is finite and truth is infinite, we shall need the help of sacred days, sacred places and holy associations to lure us to the highlands of the spirit. We shall need the rest places of the soul, hallowed seasons for the heart, if we are to keep them sane, sound and active. We need the punctuations of the calendar. A Sabbathless life is at least as dangerous in the realm of mind and heart as it is in the realm of body, and no more dependent is the body upon the periodic bath, the systematic sleep and the rhythmic escape from the grind of shop and kitchen than is the soul upon the spiritual reinforcement that comes from the orienting of the heart, turning the spirit eastward to catch the radiance on the faces of the acknowledged saints of history. We need to unstop our ears that we may hear the heavenly echoes of the voices of those whom the ages recognize as prophets. We need the Sabbath of the soul to keep us thinking.

I know how the pulpit is accused of indifference to thought or even antagonism. You need not argue with me; I admit all the faults you have to lay at the feet of pastor and preacher. I know, perhaps even better than you, the woodenness of the sermon, the tireless reiteration of the pulpit, and still, in the light of literary criticism, of the history of thought, I dare aver that a day set apart for meditation, nay more, a place and an hour fixed for consultation with things holy, for the finding of our reckoning on the sea of life by the quadrant set by the competent has been and is invaluable. I do not say that thought and the results of thought are not accessible in other ways, but I do say that, as a matter of experience, the Sabbath day and the Sunday hour of the church assembly have contributed immensely to the progress of human thought. For all your flings at theology, it is the science of God, the attempt to find and formulate man's relation to the universe; it is an attempt to bring home to the finite soul a sense of things infinite, to write in illuminated text our duty to ourselves and to the great source of life; not only our duty in the present tense, but our duty to the unborn and to those who have gone.

Silence the pulpits of Chicago for one year, shut the doors of the churches, and you have bargained for stolidity. After all is said about the conservatism of the pulpits, they have been, and are still, in many cases, the pioneers of thought. The great Mother Church at which we are so willing to throw stones, which has so many dark pages in its history concerning its treatment of the prophets of science, is still the mother of many of the great seekers of humanity. From and for the church were the early geographers; in the name of religion were the stars first marshalled and their courses traced. We are here today because a Columbus sailed the unsailed seas in search of new ways of reaching human souls, and his first act on the newly discovered land was to erect the Cross.

We need Sunday helps to think of these things. Of course we might think of them at home, but alas, we do not think adequately of them anywhere. Of course we read and study of heavenly things at home, we might listen to the clamor of wronged humanity, see the beckoning of illuminated souls, but alas, we do not. We need helps. We need the co-operation of all the Sunday aids available. We need the Sabbath of the soul to keep us humble. We need it to modify the conceits based upon our short achievements. We need to be reminded of the long and bloody road over which souls have traveled that we might breathe more freely. We need to be reminded in some systematic and impressive way of our debt to the crucified, the burned, to those who have been sawed and quartered in the interest of the freedom we enjoy. We need the Sunday to keep us tender, to remind us of the love with which our souls have been enswathed from the cradle up. We need to be reminded of the tendernesses that have enriched the generations that are back and beyond all the father and mother interpretations of history. We need the Sabbath to keep us young, to prepare us for the day when the "keepers of the house shall tremble" and the "gates are closed." We need the Sunday industries of spirit to store up the sunshine of health, or, using the modern words, to "can" the fruits of soul prosperity, in order that when we may read no more and can listen no longer we may still remain in communion with the wealth of the past and rest in the confidence of the universe.

In my recent study of Joseph Priestley I found a sermon,—not an essay,—a sermon on the devout life, in the preface of which he mentions that the sermon inspired Mrs. Barbauld to write "An Address to the Deity," one of her best known and most searching

poems. I quote from her paraphrase of the message of Joseph Priestley:

If, friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee;
With equal joy my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live;
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre, or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

* * * * *

Then, when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye,
Teach me to quit this transitory scene,
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

This pulpit does not take much concern in learning how to die. It has been very much concerned, for thirty-five years, in trying to find out how to live. But the test of your life and mine may come when it is time to go hence.

In 1874, after Joseph Priestley's home was burned, his library destroyed, his laboratory sacked for opinion's sake, and he was compelled to flee to America, where he might still pursue his studies and keep his soul turned toward the sunshine, Thomas Huxley delivered his great address on the one-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of oxygen gas by Joseph Priestley, a preacher who had time to seek out some of the secrets of nature and discover some of her methods. In that address Huxley, after paying a gracious tribute to the religious independence of Priestley, promptly disposes of his theological achievements as being of secondary importance, and addresses himself directly to Priestley's contribution to modern science, his splendid initiation into the study of what we now call chemistry.

I have a book in my library, also by Joseph Priestley, which is entitled "The Corruptions of Christianity," and dedicated to his fellow preacher, Theophilus Lindsey. In this book he says:

Wishing, as I do, that my name may ever be connected as closely with yours after death as we have been connected by friendship in life, it is with peculiar satisfaction that I dedicate this work (which I am willing to hope will be the most useful of my publications) to you.

This work is still up-to-date, charged with learning and lore, clearly stated so that the layman and the uneducated may see how the simplicities of Jesus have been overlaid by the elaborations of the church and that the doctrines and dogmas which so distort the simple meaning of the gospels are accretions, accumulations from the outside. The Priestley book is a very successful attempt to strip the mystery from the words "atonement," "salvation," "original sin," "predestination," "baptism" and the "eucharist." When thus stripped, free of extraneous matter, the original message and the primal power of the New Testament are seen rooted in the doctrine of service to fellow man and reverence toward God.

Who dare say that the exposure of the corruptions of Christianity was of less value than Priestley's discoveries in science? Chemistry was on the way, a thousand other students were knocking at the closed doors of nature, asking for admission and being admitted day by day to new revelations of mystery. Who can say whether the discovery of oxygen gas counted for more in the onward push of human history than did the humbler service of the patient pastor who summoned England to the sobrieties of faith and who, at the very time when the mad mob applied the torch to the most valuable library and laboratory in private possession in all England, was trying to base Sabbath day sanctities upon fundamental potencies?

We need the Sabbath of the church to help us think, to keep us humble, to teach us to be tender, to keep us young.

Lastly, we need it to make us just. The sense of duty came tardily into the world. Conscience is the most human achievement of humanity. It, more than any other one thing, lifts us out of the realm of the brute. "The sense of duty is the last and crowning gift of God," says Channing. "Two things compel my reverence," said the great Immanual Kant, whose lessons we are so loath to apply these days, "two things command my reverence, the starry heavens without, the sense of ought within."

And speaking in the light of science, these lessons of duty are the latest and highest flowering on the tree of life, the uppermost buds on the uppermost branches of evolution. And the enforcing of this sense of duty, this law of justice, has always been the special prerogative of the pulpits of Christian history, the noblest consecration of all the altars of the world. Without these reminders, systematic, periodic, organized reminders, might we not again fall back, like Jack London's dog, who yielded to the "call of the wild" and found himself leading the pack, deprived of the power of the cultivated speech which is given to the humanized dog, for he had forgotten or lost the power to bark and could only howl.

We who have achieved, to a degree, a conscience, need to use every means to guard that gift well or we shall lose what we have already gained.

It was Theodore Parker, the great conscience voice of Boston, in his troublous day, who cried out:

O young man, now in the period of the passions, reverence your conscience, defer that to no appetite, no foolish compliance with other men's ways, no ungodly custom. Ask always, "Is it right for me?" Be brave and self-denying. Fear not to differ from men. Keep your modesty, keep your integrity. . . . .

The law, the duty and the destiny of man are writ in himself by the Almighty's hand. The word of God is very nigh him, even in his heart, and by this word he is to try all documents whatever.

And it was the voice of Theodore Parker speaking in the mighty pulpit of Music Hall that strengthened the conscience of John Andrews, of Horace Mann, of Samuel Howe and his inspired wife, Julia Ward, and scores of others who wrought anew the glory of Puritanism and lifted Boston high in the apostolic line of progress.

Know, young man and young woman, you who yield the best of your time and energies to the polite substitutes for the church, who flock in great numbers when the amusement clarion calls, you who are begging for health's sake that the god of the golf links be enthroned every Sunday, you who would fain discharge your obligation to the church you believe in by annual subscriptions to the expense account, you reckon not well with history. You have not adequately measured the forces that make for progress if you leave out the periodic discipline, the systematic organization of forces that insist on the humanities, that make it possible for men and women

to sit together somewhere, with their little ones and the little ones of the less fortunate, under the ministration of the gospel of social unity and the solidarity of humanity.

I speak to the soul itself. I appeal to your experience. I am trying to reflect the psychological argument for the sanctities of the Sabbath not simply as an economic provision insisted upon by sociology, though I believe profoundly in that, but as the profounder law which takes account of "tides of the spirit," to use Martineau's phrase. If we would reach the uplands of the spirit, we must make provision for systematic excursions in that direction. It was not for Jesus and his associates to remain forever on the Mount, as Peter suggested, but it was the illumination of the Mount that enabled them to come down and fight the demons at the foot of the hill while they proceeded to minister to the afflicted ones.

Thus far, we have considered the psychical argument, but the historical argument is still more persuasive had we time for it. "Are there any drunkards here?" was the first question asked by John Wesley of his audiences when he entered a town to establish his Methodist group. He began down there. On that lowly basis of service and helpfulness he reared the mighty Methodist Church that has wielded its beneficent influence all the way up and down from the convict to the king, from the hovel to the palace, from the beggar to the philosopher.

To me the most impressive building in Rome was the Pantheon, and should life extend to me the privilege of again crossing the Atlantic, I would skip the great minster dedicated to St. Peter while I sought the mighty inspiration of the Pantheon, the greatest survival of Pagan art, the temple that was built two centuries or more before the Christian era to furnish hospitality to all the gods. It was to be the place of all the gods, the Pantheon. There all visitors to Rome, the "strangers within its gates," might go and find an altar to their need, a sacred shrine that they could understand. When the "pagan gods" were dethroned and the Christian régime came in it found the splendid building intact as it is today. In attempting to rescue it effectually from pagan hands and make it a worthy shrine for their devotion, the Christians deposited some thirty cartloads of martyr bones around the foundations. The architecture was for a time degraded by the elevation on the roof of two little towers designed to hold aloft the Cross, but after remaining for several generations the better art insisted on their being torn down because they disfigured the building architecturally. There is now no cross on the roof and, through the exercise of considerable self-denial on the part of the restorers, the inside is left in its integrity. And above it is the great open eye looking skyward and the uncovered dome through which the blue sky can be seen.

The Pantheon today is an epitome of the altar places of humanity, all the way from the Bethel stone of Jacob on the mountain top to the latest cathedral triumph of architecture. They all go to prove the power of particular places and times in influencing and sweetening human life. In all of them the sanctities are represented and holiness encouraged as defined by the sabbatical provision for periodic orientation of the soul.

The increase of leisure and shortening the day's work means more as an opportunity for developing the spiritual life of the toiler than it does in maintaining his physical virility and efficiency. It means favorable time for an escape from the drudgery of the world.

There is drudgery to be done. There are dirty jobs that must needs be seen to. I see no escape from the smudge of the rolling mill, from the lint and heat of the cotton mill. There is no substitute for human sweat, though it may be ameliorated, refined and limited. But the more it is limited, more and more is the opportunity given and required to organize the leisure of the world on high lines. I yield to the argument that a man would better be engaged another hour or two in the shop than have another hour or two free for the dissipations of the saloon. Better send a tired man home sober than a rested man home drunk. But the sociological prescriptions for the laboring man will prove ineffective unless they include a program for the mind, a provision for the heart, and organized helps to conscience.

In 1869 or '68, while a student at school, I came home westward by an eastern route. Some kin of mine had recently landed from Wales. My father and mother were longing to see their own and I went by the way of Mauch Chunk in the anthracite coal region.

The miners at that time, largely Welsh, Irish and Scotch, all lived at the heart of the mining center. I descended for the first and only time into the bowels of the earth where the sunlight, as they told me, was a mile away from the human eye. I came up sobered and depressed by the ominous fate of men, women and children too at that time, who must live so much of their life in that murky, gruesome, gloomy chamber of darkness. It was Saturday and the men came out early. I watched them coming out, black gnomes, looking unlike human beings. They hurried home by the hundreds, soused themselves in the washtubs in the back kitchens, put on their clean clothes, still the striped shirt stuff, unbuttoned at the throat, with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, for it was a hot June day, and after their dinner, several hundred of those men, having recovered their humanity in the washtub, gathered in a beautiful grove on the mountain side for a vigorous drill in which they were the Hallelujah Chorus, preparing for a musical competition to be held in Pittsburgh at Christmas time. They sang it as I never heard it before or since, and I have never gotten away from that parable in sociology. So long as the diggers in the dark bowels of the earth are permitted to come up and wash up and learn to sing the Hallelujah Chorus, there is hope for the toiler and grace and glory in the toil. I am willing they should so toil down there for a limited portion of time. I can even believe I would be willing to take my share in it, only so that the Saturday leisure be made sufficiently long and the toil sufficiently short, and the co-operative life be so organized that adequate provision might be made for the sanitation of the heart. That organized methods for the quickening of mind should obtain, the sanctifying influences of high words, noble thoughts and co-operative courage must be provided, and the life of the spirit must be guarded.

If we read this old commandment in terms of twen-

tieth century experience, when we are as alert in listening to the testimony of history on ethical lines as we are on industrial lines, when we are as open-minded toward the science of soul as we are toward the science of body, then and not till then will it be well with us. We need these material rounds in the ladder upon which the soul climbs to its life. We need the sanctities of holy times and places to touch us with a sense of our finiteness in an infinite world. We need the Sabbath change as a season of study and of thoughtfulness, and still more as a reinforcement of conscience.

Duty is a much menaced word in the busy life of the exchange, the shop, and even of the home, as they are organized. Oh, the "expediences" are so clamorous, second-rate interests are so fierce, they push themselves so tremendously to the front! "What will they say?" is forever silencing the profounder questions, "What will He say?" What does He, the God over all, say? The conventional demands of society as expressed in the clamor and contention of the outside world, confuse, if they do not silence, the still small voice of God in the soul.

A true diagnosis of the ills of today, I mean the warring ills of the world, shows that the trouble is no longer a mere quarrel between the Central and the Allied Powers, it is not a duel between England and Germany, it is an international curse that is upon us. A true diagnosis of this war shows it to be born out of the fever of trade and the bitter passions of nations, which reveal a godless subordination of the demands of righteousness to the demands of "success" as interpreted in the figures of commerce and the exigencies of battle. War, alas! knows no Sabbath day, it respects no sanctities, it hurls its bombs through cathedral walls as relentlessly as through brothel roofs. The paradoxical situation of charging armies on the Sabbath day, while boasting of their Christianity, and of their praying bishops and halting conventicles, who forget the sanctities of life on the battle front, is all a sad, solemn failure to understand the enlarging qualities of the commandment we are discussing. All this is born out of a fundamental lack of reverence, the culture of which is more dependent upon the poor, finite helps of times and places than we are willing to admit.

Remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy, as interpreted by the light of science and emphasized in human experience, will surely lead to the uplands of the spirit, where the heart of the individual in its self-communion and the conscience of the world will find peace and amity.

By the help of Holy Days, Father, may we find the peace that is perennial, that makes all days sacred and all places holy, for Thou art always present and ever near. Amen.

We have got to set the world on a different footing. We have got to set up the world at last—on justice and reason.

Of true contrition and humbling of the heart ariseth hope of forgiveness. *Thomas à Kempis.*

CORRESPONDENCE

"Peace Without Victory"

To the Editor of UNITY:—

Probably no one in this country or Europe who read the address delivered by President Wilson to the Senate on January 22, 1917, has forgotten that he advocated "peace without victory" as the only ending of the great war that could possibly be permanent. In endeavoring to make his meaning clear he added: "I am seeking only to face realities and to face them without soft concealments. Victory would mean peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms forced upon the vanquished. It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would have a sting, a resentment, a bitterness of memory upon which terms of peace would rest, not permanently, but only as upon quicksand."

Was not President Wilson right? Even though we have ourselves plunged into the war, and indeed all the more because we have done so, is it not important for us to ponder his words?

I am aware that his utterance has been severely criticized in some quarters, and even sneered at. But is there not reason to believe that the future will recognize it as one of the profoundest (as well as one of the bravest) words spoken by any statesman in our time? The declaration was based upon the very deepest laws of the human mind existing and operative in all nations. Peace without victory on either side, that is to say, peace concluded because desired by both sides, because both sides had come to realize the futility, waste and crime of further hostilities, and with concessions on both sides, would leave the least possible bitterness in both, and consequently the least possible reason for the two to arm still more heavily, in preparation for a future struggle still more desperate.

Whereas, if either side won a decisive victory and forced a humiliating peace upon the other, the almost certain result would be on the part of the victor, pride, arrogance, an increased sense of his own irresistible might and therefore a powerful temptation to push his conquest still further; and, on the part of the vanquished, chagrin, anger, and a determination to begin at once the creation of still larger armies and navies in preparation for future revenge.

It is worthy of note that this position taken by President Wilson is also the precise position occupied by the leading and responsible socialists of this country, and for the most part also by the socialists of the world. They believe that a clear victory for either side would fill all Europe with ineradicable hate, and its future with increased armaments and with fighting even more terrible than in the past. But a drawn battle they believe would open the eyes of all nations to the utter futility of war, and act as a strong and enduring check upon future temptations to draw the sword.

Let no one say that persons who take this position are therefore on the side of Germany. They are no more on the side of Germany than was President Wilson when he uttered his great words. On the contrary, most of them are strongly with the Allies. But they want a peace which when it comes will last; and they believe that here is to be found the indis-

pensable condition of the only peace which will not turn the whole world, America included, into an armed camp, with other Armageddons, even more terrible than the present one, sure to follow in the not distant future.

Anyone who looks at all deeply into the relations of cause and effect should be able to see that the most important of all possible conditions to be borne in mind in seeking a European peace, is to secure it on such a basis as will leave all parties concerned least desirous of further war, least stung to resentment and revenge, best able to live, and most desirous of living in future friendship and co-operation with one another. If America allows herself to forget this, will it not be a mistake of the most diastrous character. The President's great words should not be forgotten by America or by any of the other nations.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Unity Stands Corrected

Dear UNITY:—

I share your appreciation of the Quakers. I read "Eternal Goodness" until I could repeat it without the book. Who can read "Our Master" and not wish to sit in silence with Whittier.

Are you quite right when you say the Quakers "refuse to take an oath in any presence other than the divine"? Do they not refuse to swear without exception? Some of the Friends I notice have become like the rest of us, and take to titles, offices and set forms. But when we get the genuine article we shall agree with Pastor J. H. Jowett: "There is no community in our land which has more evidently enjoyed the presence of the Holy Spirit than the Friends." W. D. Howells remarks: "It was not Thomas Jefferson who first imagined the first of the self-evident truths of the Declaration, but George Fox."

Says William James: "So far as our Christian sects today are evolving into liberality, they are simply reverting in essence to the position which Fox and the early Quakers assumed." Our Emerson knew them at first hand during his brief pastorate in New Bedford, and so joined them. Emerson's favorite text, they say, was, "The spirit shall guide you into all truth." When asked to define his religious position he said very slowly, "I believe I am more of a Quaker than anything else. I believe in the 'still small voice' and that voice is Christ within us." (V. "Emerson in Concord," by Edward Emerson: page 48.)

Thy Friend,

LORRAINE.

From Another Country

A well known friend, who saw the opening of the Great War in Germany, writes from another country as follows:

"Mark Twain's statement is extremely interesting to me. He might have continued his account by enumerating the other happenings which are the same all over; the spread of war fever, Red Cross madness, the unconsidered waste and sacrifice of one's savings, accumulated in years of hard work, the buying and waving of flags, the singing of anthems and those crowds in restaurants who get up when the band begins to play the anthem and who consider everybody a traitor who fails to do so before the first measure of the tune has been played; then comes the recruiting, the subscribing of war loans, the depiction in writing and illustrations of the nation's military forces in glowing terms and then the harmful depreciation, underestimation of the enemy, the creation of that false sense of security, 'nothing can happen to us,' the lies, misrepresentations of the actual situation, the delusions as to the real task ahead of the nation, as to the war aims, and as to the outcome of the war, and as to the ideals for which one is supposed to die. The spread of Christianity in the first Balkan War was one of those false pretexts and excuses, just as the cry for democracy is a slogan of this war, although a lie, since without the torpedoing of American ships nobody would have conceived of spreading democracy in Germany by shedding the blood of American boys. It is a comical tragedy to see the States imitate German events in every little detail, but people seem to enjoy it,—and perhaps it will do them good to learn a lesson. I am optimistic, too, as to the long future. Things come out so differently. Here is a letter from a friend in Europe rejoicing over the liberation of Russia through the valor of German arms! Prussianism the disseminator of Democracy!"

D. S. J.

THAT OUR JOY MAY BE FULL.

Hadst Thou not made the rose and blue and gold
That o'er this morning sky Thou hast unrolled,—
Hadst Thou ne'er sent the purple, gold and gray,
At evening-time to bless declining day,—
We might have lived and learned and loved Thee, too,
Without Thy gold or purple, rose or blue.

Hadst Thou not bidden buttercup and rose
In hue and tint Thy bounteous love disclose,
Hadst Thou ne'er placed Thy rainbow arch on high
Athwart the stormy shadows of the sky,—
Without Thy rainbow or Thy buttercup,
Our hearts to Thee might still be lifted up.

But when Thy rose of dawn doth open wide,
Thy gold and purple light our even-tide,
Or when a lily lifts her lovely face,
New gleams have we of Thine o'er flowing grace.
Ah, yes, all-graciously Thy hand doth give,
That we all-joyously may love and live.

—*Jessie Andrews.*

THE JOURNEY.

What matter where the Apple grows?
True heroes never count the miles.
The journey leads to where it leads—
Sargasso or the Western Isles.

No one place holds the dreams of all.
Earth wears a multi-colored robe,
And there are new Hesperides
In every corner of the globe.

Some find the fruit like Hercules—
For such the moon and sun may stop;
Yet never doubt that Sisyphus
Achieved at last the mountain top.

—*Scudder Middleton.*

"Streets and Faces," by Scudder Middleton. The Little Book Publishers, Arlington, N. J.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Luther

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

XVIII.

Theodore Parker 1810-1860

"I claim the same religious rights with Luther and Calvin, with Moses and Jesus,—the right to serve the God of Nature in my own way."

—Theodore Parker.

We are today still in the atmosphere of heresy, dealing with those who in their lifetime were ill spoken of. But there is nothing brighter or higher in my books of biography than the story of Theodore Parker. Whatever was finest in the stalwartness of New England inheritance was his, with a large mindedness that is scarcely characteristic of New England output. A scholar of great attainment, of tireless energy, he was the bravest of reformers, a veritable chaplain-in-chief of the anti-slavery forces during the period of the greatest strain and bitterness, and he left his study at any and all times to answer the call of the needy and the lowly.

Theodore was the youngest of a family of eleven, living on a farm a few miles out of Lexington. His father was a small farmer and carpenter and Theodore early took part in the struggle of a busy, poor family. At from six to eight years he attended school all year, but after that worked on the farm in summer and went to school only in the winter time. His father was ambitious for his family and one winter arranged that Theodore should have a course of dancing lessons, but the young boy asked that instead he might use the money for tuition in a neighboring academy. One of his teachers, and a very good friend, was Rev. Convers Francis, who afterwards became professor in the Harvard Divinity School. All this time Parker worked tremendously, studying from borrowed books. One day he startled his father by the unusual request for a holiday. He started from home early in the morning and on his return late at night, after walking to and from Cambridge, told his father that he had passed his examination to enter Harvard College. His father could not support him there, but for two years Parker worked at home, studied and kept up with his classes. Meanwhile he had started a small private school at Roxbury, with his own hands making the benches and fixing up the building. Such a man did not lack pupils and the money earned in this way enabled him to take the last two years and three months work at Cambridge in residence, although some time elapsed after graduating before he was able to pay the small fee securing his diploma. During these years of study his own judgment and that of Dr. Francis and others made it clear to him that he was destined to be a preacher.

Parker began his ministry in the unfashionable suburban town of Roxbury, the headquarters of the Boston milk industry. It may be remembered that one of his notable sermons was on "The Temptations of the Milkman," suggestive of the quality of the man.

But soon came the trouble that attends progress in thought. Always on the trail of whatever was in line with freest and bravest scholarship, Parker was perhaps the first American to come under the domination of so-called "German thought." His learning enabled him to translate the ponderous two-volume work, De Witte's "Introduction to the Old Testament," which was the first installment of what is now so familar as "higher criticism," in which the Bible was analyzed and placed in its correct geographical setting. Even to the Unitarians this was treading on dangerous ground. They did not want the unity and the dignity of the Bible tampered with by Gearman free thought. Young Shackford, afterwards professor of history at Cornell, asked Parker to preach his ordination sermon. That sermon treated of "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity" and created such confusion among even the Unitarians of Boston and the surrounding country as is now difficult to understand. The title suggested a dangerous line of heresy. Parker contended that Christianity has in it transient elements; that it had carried with it the credulity and the folk lore of the time. The story of the miraculous birth, for instance, shared with all other great ethnic religions, represents the thought of the age in which it came. The permanent elements, the elements of the Sermon on the Mount and the Beatitudes, are not conditioned on the same element as the story of the driving out of the pigs into the sea at Gadara.

The Unitarians did not know what to do with him. It would be pretty hard to turn him out of a field which had no fences. Boston ministers had an established custom of holding a ministers' meeting on Thursday afternoons in which they discussed current topics, civic and social problems, each minister taking his turn in leading the discussion. When it came Parker's turn, they took the least offensive path and simply abandoned the Thursday meetings.

By this time Parker's fame had gone abroad. He was asked by some young men to give a course of Sunday lectures in Melodeon Hall, a second rate theatre, and his voice was quickly recognized by the crowd. Perhaps one of the most important local events in the history of Boston, and which reached far out into the life of the United States, was that a few young men had a meeting in Boston and "Resolved that Theodore Parker should be heard in Boston." Those young men, Andrews, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts, Horace Mann, Samuel G. Howe and others, rallied round their leader and for nine years he preached in the Melodeon. Then came the great Music Hall with a capacity of probably twenty-five hundred or three thousand people, and for ten or twelve years Parker shared with Henry Ward Beecher the enviable reputation of being the greatest preacher in America. Parker preached to preachers, taught the teachers of the world, championed the most unpopular of doctrines and faced them in a white heat of enthusiasm which converted people to a new outlook and a new courage.

We cannot tell Parker's story without touching on the Anti-Slavery movement in Boston. His connection therewith is indicated on the stories of William and Ellen Crafts, Anthony Burns and Thomas Sims, which are glow points in the history of that fight for freedom. The Crafts had been slaves to a benignant master. William had been permitted as a carpenter to buy himself free, continuing to work for his master on a yearly salary. His wife, to whom he was married according to the ethics of the plantation, and who was almost white, had been housemaid at the big house. They had succeeded in getting to Boston and were living in an obscure neighborhood. Parker was startled by the information that the Slave Hunters were in town with the purpose of taking the Crafts back into slavery under the Fugitive Slave Act. A Vigilance Committee was appointed which displayed flaming posters warning the people to look out for the "hunters." Parker's interview with the slave hunters led to their sneaking back South without further trouble. Friends of the Crafts then raised a purse and sent them to England. They carried with them a letter from Parker to James Martineau which has become a classic. It may be found in O. B. Frothingham's Biography of Parker. An interesting paragraph of this letter from the greatest man in America to clearly the greatest thinker in England, reads:

> I keep in my study two trophies of the American Revolution: One is a musket which my grandfather fought with at the battle of Lexington (April 19, 1775) against the "British"; the other is a great gun which he captured in that battle. He was the captain of the Lexington soldiers, and took the first prisoner, and the first musket taken in war for independence and the rights of man. But now I am obliged to look to "the British" for protection for the liberty of two of my own parishioners who have committed no wrong against anyone. Well, so it is; and I thank God that Old England, with all her sins and shames, allows no slave-hunter to set foot on her soil.

The stories of Burns and Sims are not so triumphant. Anthony Burns was a poor boy who had reached Boston safely, was somehow traced and tried. Parker was aflame over this, an organization was effected if need be to defend Burns, but the authorities were too prompt and he was marched out of Boston. Colonel Higginson to the end of his days carried the scalp wound inflicted in an attempt to carry off the prisoner. Parker was arrested for disturbing the peace. He was prepared to defend his own case but rather to his disappointment it was dismissed on a technicality. Parker was not so easily disposed of. He paneled the American people as a jury and made his defense. In the book "The Trial of Theodore Parker for the Misdemeanor of a Speech in Faneuil Hall Against Kidnapping," he has gone into the story historically and ethically.

It is said that Parker had a reading acquaintance with twenty different languages. His library numbered fourteen or fiften thousand volumes which he bequeathed to the Boston Public Library. Overtaken by pulmonary trouble in 1859, after a violent hemorrhage, he was sent to the West Indies accompanied by his friends Dr. Howe and his wife. He tried England and traveled in slow stages through Europe with alternations of hope and despair and died in Florence at the age of fifty and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery near the grave of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Over his grave is an American pine planted there by American hands. It is a shrine to whoever loves humanity, to whoever believes in progress, to whoever realizes the price paid for progress.

Unitarians have, of course, long since repented of their nervousness and have established their claim to Parker, but he is too big for any denomination. Parker was a pioneer in the belief that in all religions there are at least three universal, fundamental roots; the thought of God, the sense of duty and the thought of immortality. Many people who do not know his sermons cherish his prayers which have been published in a book edited by Louise M. Alcott, who, after going to hear him preach, said, "I got what I wanted before he reached the sermon."

Personally I am much more indebted to Parker than to Channing. Channing was a white light, Parker a red flame. Parker was ever in pugnacious touch with humanity; Channing essentially a man of the closet, a scholar.

QUESTIONS

(1) Give dates of Channing and Parker.

(2) In what did they resemble each other? What contrast?

(3) What contention of Parker's belief annoyed his Unitarian Friends?

(4) What great and unpopular cause of his time did he champion?

Those Willing to Be Counted

Additional Names of Ministers

Rev. George L. Thompson (First Unitarian Parish), Northfield, Mass.

Rev. H. L. Canfield, Woodstock, Vt.

Rev. E. B. Gearhart, Manchester, N. H.

Rev. Carl Schmidt, Fertile, Iowa.

Rev. Edson Reifsnider, Cambridge, Mass.

Rev. Levi Powers, Gloucester, Mass.

Rev. Paul Harris Drake (Christ Church), Boston, Mass.

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Examined by an Irishman
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THE WAY OF WILLS.

Some one took the old saw that when there was a will, there was a way, and turned it into, "When there's a will, there's a lawsuit," which seems better to fit present-day conditions than the older form. At least this is borne out by the fact, as pointed out by a writer in the Philadelphia *North American*, that no one seems to know just what the "way" is, unless it is a way to break that will. However, we are told that the greater number of wills probated are practically unbreakable, though not always because of their strictly legal form.

People are, it seems, uncommonly careless about such an important thing as a will; they seem to think it satisfactory to string together a few sentences, conveying their property, then affix a signature. Yet some of these have been found to be as tight as if drawn by the best legal talent of the land. The author adds:

Wills that might be described as being legally safe and sane have been written on scraps of paper, in verse, and in letter form. Then, too, wills have been written in charcoal, pencil, ink, and in blood.

But the bequests—the provisions of the wills—how odd and curious were the conditions found to be imposed on the benefactors-to-be. And what freakish bequests have been made to what have been equally freakish recipients.

"Freak" wills there are galore. Of wills venting the writer's spite on the expectant heirs there are an equally large number. And there is a surprisingly large number of wills showing the writer's gratitude for some kindness performed by an utter stranger.

But the old reliable standby of the recently deceased seems to have been taking care of Lucille, Garibaldi, or Fannie—the same being a pet cat, cow, or horse, not to mention a Madison Square Garden full of dogs.

Thus, some horse which should be piloting a wagon belonging to Otto of the corner grocery is to be found in a state of solitary grandeur in Farmer Jones's best meadow—air free.

George C. Watts, contractor and Board of Trade operator, of Chicago, bequeathed $30,000 to provide a home for his fox-terrier, Bill, and $300 to care for his riding horse, King. Also, while Mrs. Corinne Snodgrass, of Lower Chanceford, near York, Pa., left an $11,500 estate, $10,000 of that sum was to be spent in keeping her favorite horse, Beauty, as long as he could eat food, in a state of greatest possible comfort. And when Beauty is dying he is to be chloroformed and afterward given a decent burial.

The last testament of Mme. Isabelle M. E. Thiss, a Spanish woman who resided in Paris, but who possessed considerable property in Great Britain, was most unusual. Said she: "This day, Wednesday, at eight o'clock in the morning, I am alone, as usual, so there is no one who could influence me, and, although I am in bed with a swollen leg, my head is of sound judgment, so that what I write here is done with my full knowledge."

After making divers bequests of small import, she continued: "Ten thousand francs to the Society for the Protection of Animals, in particular, dogs, on condition that there is placed in the meetinghall a picture with my name and title 'Protecting Friend of Dogs,' and that all the three dogs, that is to say, Mirza and her two little ones, the cat and her little kittens, shall be received and well cared for by the Society until they die of old age."

Mme. Thiss, by the way, dealt rather harshly with her relatives. "As to my sisters, nieces, nephew, brother-in-law and cousin, nothing shall come to them from me but a bag of sand to rub themselves with. . . . "

When Mrs. Mary B. Snow died during the winter of 1909, she left $32,000 for the care of her horses, $1,000 for each of her ten dogs, and little else but sympathy for her husband. Of course, as the slogan goes, there must have been a reason.

But why Mrs. Ellen J. Kneweare, a wealthy and eccentric widow, who died at LaSalle, N. Y., in 1905, should have preferred to bequeath $40,000 to her cats and dogs, and but $5,000 to her child, was a source of mystery to all who heard it. And small wonder that her daughter contested the will, alleging that her mother was of unsound mind.

Judging from outward appearances, people who cut off their relatives in favor of one or more pets do so solely because of an unquenchable fear that, otherwise, harm will come to them.

Likewise with Garibaldi. But Lucille, lucky cuss, is given a maid, a chaperon, a chauffeur, and a footman, and *carte blanche* in the "show-place of the town."

Oh, yes, that has happened. And how amiable the next of kin must feel when they discover that it is the family (?) pet that has received the greater part or all of the legacy.

One of the largest bequests left to a pet was that of Miss Susan L. Munro, of Fall River, Mass. Daisy, her horse, was the beneficiary. Says the will: "In case my horse, Daisy, survives me I give her and all her belongings, carriages, harness, etc., to my niece, Annie B. W. Munro. And I leave in trust my money in the Fall River Savings-Bank, also my stocks, the income of all to be used for the care and support of said Daisy.

"In case Daisy becomes disabled and suffers from some incurable and painful affliction so that in the judgment of a good veterinarian it seems humane to kill her, I direct said Annie to see that this is mercifully done and that said Daisy be properly buried, the necessary expense to be paid from this income. Daisy is thirty-one years old and apparently has many more years of life ahead of her."

The will concludes: "After the death of said Daisy, the income of this fund being no longer required for her support, this fund or the proceeds thereof is to be divided equally among the children of my brothers, Josiah and John H., the descendants of any deceased child to take the parent's share by right of representation."

Comes now the blow—Daisy was left $100,000.

I meant to do my work today—
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,
And a butterfly flittered across the field,
And the leaves were calling me.
And the wind went sighing over the land
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand,
So what could I do but laugh and go.

—*Richard LeGallienne.*

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